

THE FAVORITE BALLADS
OF
Wm. Vincent Wallace
ARRANGED FOR THE
SPANISH GUITAR.

J.C. Pearson, N.Y.

Nº 1. WILD FLOWERS.

3. 'TIS PLEASANT TO BE YOUNG.

5. PASSED AWAY TO HEAVEN.

7. OLD FRIENDSHIP'S SMILE.

9. CRADLE SONG.

11. YOUTH IS LIFE'S TIME OF MAY.

13. GOOD NIGHT AND PLEASANT DREAMS.

Nº 2. THERE IS DARKNESS ON THE MOUNTAIN.

4. SOFTLY YE NIGHT WINDS.

6. THE MOTHER'S SMILE.

8. I MOURN THEE BUT I LOVE NO MORE.

10. ANNIE DEAR, GOOD BYE.

12. DREAMING OF THEE FOREVER.

14. THOU ART AMONG THE FEW.

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1854
WALLACE

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Composed by W. V. WALLACE.

a piacere.

few may be found in this pla-net of ours, Who like the fair spirits that

This musical score is for a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: 'few may be found in this pla-net of ours, Who like the fair spirits that'. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: 'few may be found in this pla-net of ours, Who like the fair spirits that'. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4.

re-vel in flow'rs, And emp-ty their cups of the dew,..... And

calando. a tempo.

emp--ty their cups of the dew,..... Those forms so en_chanting and

Meno mosso.

tresses so bright, And eyes of such wild un...earth...ly light, They are

rall.

al...most too love...ly for mor...tal sight, And thou art a...mong the

tenuto. *a tempo con dolcezza.*

few: Thou art a...mong the few!.....

Thou art a...mong the few!..... They are al...most too love...ly for

mf *rall.*

mor...tal sight, And thou art a...mong the few!.....

Meno mosso.
3rd Verse. Then
2nd Verse. O

p *pp*

blessings be on thee! where--ev--er my lot, May lead me, be-lieve, thou wilt
some may win fortune and some may win fame, And all must feel sorrow and

ne'er be for--got, Till for--got--ten all else shall be too!..... Till for--
ma--ny know shame, As they wander life's pil-grimage through..... As they

calando. *a tempo.*
--got--ten all else shall be too!..... And when count-ing the stars that have
wan-der life's pil--grimage through.... Come the joy or the grief in my

Meno mosso.
spangled the night, Of my cares with their cheer-ing and beau--ti--ful light, My
pathway that lies! Even shame I could bear if the few that I prize, Would

heart will re...cord thee thou dear lit_tle sprite, The brightest a...mong the
dim.
 look on me still with the same fond eyes, For thou art a...mong the

a tempo brillante.
 few! Brightest a...mong the few!..... Brightest a...mong the
tenuto.
 few! Thou art a...mong the few!..... Thou art a...mong the

few!..... My heart will re...cord thee thou dear lit_tle sprite, The
 few!..... Would look on me still with the same fond eyes, For

brightest a...mong the few!..... 2nd Verse.
 thou art a...mong the few!.....
p

3rd Verse.
p f pp

